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WORDS

OF

WELCOME.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

Parish Meeting House, Groveland, June 25, 1865,

ON THE RETURN OF THE

SOLDIERS FROM THE WAR.

BY

REV. MARTIN S. HOWARD,

Pastor of the Congregational Church.

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SERMON.

ECCLESIASTES, VIII, 8.

And there is no discharge in that war.

From no sources does the word of God more largely draw in illustration of its sublime and soul-stirring truth, than from the military service. There is something in the noise of conflict, in the clash of arms, in the stern discipline, which belong to active warfare, which chimes in with the idea of God's truth marching on, contending with foes; conquering them; winning the laurels of victory. Hence we read that the Lord is a man of war; that his sword shall be bathed in heaven; if He whet his glittering sword, and his hand take hold on judgment, He will render vengeance to his enemies, and will reward them that fear Him. The Son of God, though heralded into the world with the song of peace on earth, good will to men, describes the work for which he left the glory of heaven and the eternal companionship of the Father: Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword. And when an Apostle would set forth the Believer's defence, and the instruments with which he should be able to contend against principalities, and powers, and the rulers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places, he adopts the language of the camp and the field, and his words have a military ring which sounds almost like the clarion voice

which summons the hosts to the battle: Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of righteousness. Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation which is the word of God.

When, therefore, life is likened on the sacred page to a warfare, and the influences which bear with malignant force against its successes and triumphs are made to assume the character of determined and defiant foes, such as are often met in the stern strife of the battle, we have now learned, if we have never learned before, how much fitness and beauty there are in these hard, rough pictures of human life. There are long marches to be made; obstinate battles to be fought; innumerable exposures to be suffered; nightly and daily watches to be kept; rough usage often to be quietly submitted to. All these enter into a soldier's life. They are each parts of his hard discipline. They all have to do with making him efficient, valiant, manly and true. Such is life. It has its long and weary marches; its hard fought battles; its exposures and watches; its heavy discipline from friends and foes.

But while there are innumerable parallels which may be drawn between the service of war and human life, there is one startling contrast. In the one it is permitted to look forward to a time where wars and fighting shall cease; when the exhausted foe shall yield, and the brave men who have so nobly served their country shall "come marching home." Forward to this longed-for time, they and the beloved ones about the fireside altars have anxiously looked, and every victory which has been heralded to their ears has

been the pledge of that day of hope. In the other the conflict will never cease. In this war there are no furloughs; no discharges. There is the long, perpetual service; filled with some triumphs; with many defeats; hopes changing to fruition; anon to discouragement and despair; a hard, toilsome march, in which the ranks are daily shifting, and the worn out veteran lays off from very exhaustion his heavy armor and lays himself down to rest in the quiet and solitude of the grave. The conflict of life culminates only in death, and this is the thought to which I ask your attention for a few moments on the present occasion.

The simple mention of two almost self-evident truths will indicate the line of thought which I design to pursue in the present discourse. First, the foes with which men have to contend are life-long foes, and secondly, the principles for which we are called to struggle require eternal vigilance.

I. The foes with which men have to contend are life-long foes. In ordinary warfare the event of the conflict involves physical strength, numbers and skill, and where these prevail, there the banner of victory usually waves. There is the skillful management of armies, the ingenious disposition of forces, the efficient use of artillery; and the side that has the supremacy in these, under the ordinary course of things, wins the day. True the apparently weakest sometimes succeeds in throwing into confusion the hosts of the mighty, and causing their proud flag to trail in the dust, but this is when the strength of the weak is in the justice of their cause and a stronger than human arm draws the sword against oppression and sin. With certain christian limitations, the oft quoted remark of Napoleon, that Providence favors the heaviest battalions, is true. In common earthly struggles, therefore, it is often easy to estimate when they

will be finished up and about what time the heroic sons of war will be gladdened with a complete and full discharge. So much has war become a science, in these last days, that it is an easy thing to count upon the chances, and to decide without much danger of being wrong, which will be the winning party, and at what point the last struggle will be reached. Such too is the perfection at which the means of carrying on the fearful enterprise of war have arrived, that a long war is scarcely possible, and the boasts which have so frequently been made, that the resources of certain sections were adequate to the support of a twenty years campaign, have hardly been verified by any facts which have lately come to our notice. The eighty years conflict of the Netherlands could never have been protracted to that great length had it occurred in the nineteenth century instead of three hundred years before.

But while in the very nature of things human conflicts must now be necessarily brief, and treaties of peace must speedily restore the accustomed order of things, there are foes which can never be beaten; at least can never be so completely subdued that they will not be ever marshaling themselves anew with all the energy and courage which their defiant hate is capable of inspiring within them. The greatest enemies with which we are often forced to contend are not such as are brought face to face; bayonet to bayonet; eye flashing to eye with thoughts only of death. There are adversaries more insidious; more determined; more deadly than these. They sit down before the soul like those who stood or knelt in the burning trenches at Vicksburg and Port Hudson; who threw up their works about Atlanta and calmly waited till that fortressed city yielded before their indomitable purpose. They are never so completely driven

off but they will return, often stronger and more vigorous than before. They search out all the weak places; strive to undermine every strong tower; watch with unfaltering vigilance, if perchance they may find, at any moment, the garrison asleep. These are the unconquerable adversaries of man. So long as the world stands they will be busy in their plans of evil. They will never give over in their attempts to embarrass the efforts of those who are loyal to humanity and virtue and the truth. Baffled in one scheme, they resort to others. Check-mated at one point, their genius opens new methods of aggression. Conquered and driven back on one battle field, they will rally for new combinations, and with undaunted front march on in the hope of victory.

These foes are not such always as can be prevailed against by the common weapons of war, although men are often enlisted on their side and do good service on their behalf; but they are unseen foes, secretly plotting; darkly taking advantage of human weakness; defiantly breaking down the strongholds of principle; dashing in pieces fond hopes; blasting the future, and hanging a dark pall over a blighted eternity. Bravery, skill, imperial numbers, will drive back and annihilate such foes as are met on earthly battle fields, but not so with those who attack the soul and seek to destroy it. They can never be so completely overcome, that at some new point, in some unexpected way, they will not be found ready to engage in their work of ruin and death. Hence the necessity of perpetual watch; of being ever ready for the field; of being guarded against the possibility of surprise. There is hence no discharge in this war. There can be no such thing as laying off our armor, or retiring from the service. It is a consecration for life.

These enemies may be conquered, but they are not utterly subdued. There is defiance in their hearts. They have not thrown away their hatred. They are still proud, and arrogant, and rebellious as ever. They mean the overthrow of all that is good in the soul of man, and therefore they are pledged, sworn to struggle in the hope of success, and they will never yield till the day shall dawn when God shall vindicate the right and his own arm of vengeance shall drive back to their congenial hell the mad hosts which have made the earth a perpetual battle-ground, and who will only then have learned how fruitless a task is the attempt to overthrow the omnipotent strength of God and His truth.

Every man must have long ere this come to know that the adversaries with which he has to contend are not easily baffled. A word, a single well directed blow, does not drive them back. There is a perpetual effort to be made; a constant watch to be kept over appetite and passion. These enemies of all that is good will unceasingly hover about the soul. There is no hour when they may not be at hand; no instant when, as with fire and sword, they may not be ready for their demoniac work; no morning dawn, no midnight darkness, when there is safety from their fatal approach.

II. The principles for which we are called to struggle require perpetual vigilance. Truth will not walk through the world alone. It must be held up by strong hands, and earnest hearts, and spirits full of sacrifice. No great thought has any motive power of itself. It must receive strength from without, as the eagle teaches her little ones to fly, fluttering over her young, spreading abroad her wings, taking them, bearing them on her wings. No cause, however good, ever made much progress, if it was not supported by those who were intent on carrying it forward, and

who were determined on its success. The church in all ages has been upheld by those who have walked round about Zion, and gone round about her; who have told the towers thereof; who have marked well her bulwarks and considered her palaces; who have loved the dust of her streets and have defended her from the assaults of her foes. It has been a blessed thing for the cause of human liberty that in the darkest hours there have been those who have been her unflinching friends. They have been with her when almost every hope has died out, and little remained but the firm purpose which a few humbly but heroically cherished, to live and die for freedom. To this end their prayers ascended and their blood was freely given. Thus the rights of the people, the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of the individual conscience, the right of self rule subject ever to the infinite supremacy of God, were held up before the world, and men heard these bold and startling utterances, and suddenly new light broke in upon the minds of the nations, as when the clouded heavens break and through the rent vapors pours the full orbed splendor of the day. But liberty is not safe upon its present lofty pinnacle even, nor any other interest, however just and holy, unless it be rallied round by earnest and faithful men, who will guard it securely, and make its defence an ambition and a toil.

To the carrying forward of any high and noble principle there are never wanting abundant obstacles. Truth rarely runs with the current, but often against it. It comes in contact with human prejudices and passions, and the opposition which it receives comes mostly from those for whose benefit it is chiefly intended. It is not enough that a great battle has been gained. There must be the faithful following up

to secure all the advantages of victory. It is not enough that a noble idea is promulgated to the world. That idea must be fostered. It must come in contact with human minds and hearts. It must be breathed upon the great masses of social life. It must be made to tell on the thought, and the philosophy, and the practical life of mankind. Drop an acorn in the soil, and in due time it will spring up, and the sun will shine upon it; and the rains will fall, and the quiet dews will descend, and after many years the giant oak will cast its shadow for many rods around the spot where long before the acorn was planted. But, for this massive tree with its grateful shade, thank the faithful sun and the faithful rains and the faithful dews. They never forgot their charge, and but for their genial warmth and moisture the landscape would never have rejoiced in this added beauty. So the great principles of duty and truth require perpetual fidelity. They must not be suffered to decline from neglect and forgetfulness.

It costs something to sustain what is right. Error will take its course, like weeds in your garden, and thrive with little culture. It so chimes in with what most men love that it needs little external aid; but truth is like a tender plant that must receive constant care or it will droop and die. Hence the demand for the utmost vigilance. For a moment even this must not be lost sight of. In the great conflict of ideas there must be a consecration to the right as true and unvarying as the needle which points to the pole. This must be perpetual and unfaltering. There must be an every day enshrinement of right principles in the heart, in society, in the nation and in the world, with a devotion as true as that which becomes the soldier who in the march knows not but the defile or the thick forest through which he is passing

may be beset by the foe, and the next moment he may see the flash and hear the sharp ring of their deadly musketry.

In this great service to which God summons men there is no discharge. This is a life work. There is constant duty to be performed. There is to be a perpetual burnishing of arms. There are great battles to be fought, which it is neither policy nor a token of courage to evade. Every man is thus burdened with a solemn responsibility. It rests upon him continually. If he is true to himself and his fellowmen, to his country and his God, he will not shrink from bearing it. He will be a hero. He will march up to the foe with defiant step, and though the warfare will never be past so long as he lives on the earth, he will not despair nor grow weary while the day lasts. Whatever a man is fighting for that is worthy of his dignity and manhood—liberty, the Bible, high toned christian reform, requires unwearied toil. Lack of success must not dishearten. Defection in supposed friends must not prove a drawback. Love of personal ease must not put up barriers. The slanders of many must not be allowed to deter for a moment the progress of the work. There is danger that these precious interests fail; that the truth may lose ground; that her radiant light may burn dim. It is for the valiant workers of God that they take upon themselves to see that what is so essential to human happiness be not suffered to decline. It is the work not of years and generations, but of centuries and cycles. One little human life is not enough. The whole race of mankind is involved in its prosecution, and it will be complete only when God shall place the seal of his Redemption upon a ransomed race.

I trust the thoughts which have been suggested in this

discourse will not be deemed inappropriate to the occasion which calls us at this time to the sanctuary of God. The sun shines down to-day upon a scene of gladness and thanksgiving. Responsive to the calls of patriotism and duty, within the four years past the noble men before me have marched with willing step to the defence of the capital and to engage in any service which the safety of the land might require. Through scenes of untold danger and suffering they have passed, bearing a soldier's heavy burdens, watching, marching, fighting; the cold ground or the hot sand often their only couch; the heavens bright with stars, or thick with vapors, their only covering. They have met in deadly combat the rebel foe, and seen men as brave and true as themselves stricken down by the bullets of traitors. They have stood on fields of carnage and death, and manfully struck blows which were made to tell for their homes, for liberty and for their native land. And on this bright and holy Sabbath after the toils of the campaign and the long weary march, in the name of the church and of this community, I welcome you, my friends, to your homes, and to the repose which your honorable service for the Republic has achieved. I think you will join with me in regarding it as peculiarly appropriate that we should invite you here first of all, where so often you have been remembered before the mercy seat; where so many of your friends have during these many years sat and worshipped; and receive in this christian way the acknowledgment of our appreciation of what you have done and suffered. In your long and wearisome absence, there has been a mutual impatience at the slow flight of days and years. Many homes here have missed you, and the hearts of many have been anxious as they have followed you unseen along the march; stood by your hard

pillow when you slept; ay, and prayed there when they knew that the next morning might dawn thick with battle smoke and the rising sun shine on the red pools of soldiers' blood. And you have thought of home; of the dear old mother there who has never ceased to pray for you while you were gone; of the wife and the sister and the little children. There have been changes in some of these households since you went to the war. Not all are here to greet your return who bade you *God speed* and turned away with eyes and hearts too full to utter more. Loved ones have departed, and may we not cherish the hope that they are happy with Christ,—and little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?

Four years such as those which have just passed could not well be without their changes, and you and we all have had our personal share. For not all who went with brave hearts have come back to receive the greeting of those whom they left behind. Some have lingered and died in the hospital, and others have fallen with their face to the foe, but it is occasion for hearty thanksgiving that from so great perils and risks, so many are permitted to return to cheer and bless those who have long anxiously and prayerfully waited.

Perhaps our eyes may never rest upon those distant graves where sleep the brave boys who died for their country; but fresher and greener than the turf which covers them shall be the memory of their heroic sacrifice; of their dutiful service; of their martyr death. Peace to those silent resting places of patriot soldiers. Let the rains fall gently upon them, and the sunshine and the dew; and when the land shall have rest from war, and the old prosperity shall spread its summer gladness and its autumnal richness over the now wasted and desolated sections, let a grateful and

happy people cherish those consecrated spots where rest the brave sons of war, whom no bugle blast can rouse, and whom no voice of command can reach, till the last trump shall sound, and the archangel's word shall wake the dead.

There has been no sublimer spectacle recorded in history than the silent and orderly breaking up of the great army of the union after the work for which it was gathered, equipped and disciplined had been successfully achieved. Contrary to the prophecies of many that henceforth in our land there would spring up a great military aristocracy from the seeds sown in this four years of war, and that a vast standing army with its bristling bayonets would become a necessity to the authority and integrity of government, we see regiment after regiment coming back to their homes, resuming their accustomed labors, and becoming once more honest and honored citizens. The "bubble" of republican institutions and republican society, which jealous despots, four years ago, with oracular utterance, declared had "burst," has consolidated into a crystal dome, above which shines the sun of Liberty, and the reflected brightness has already flashed on many lands, and has warmed into a furnace glow many hearts which have long beat responsive to freedom.

For the glorious results which have thus been accomplished, we render to you, my friends, your measure of praise. Without your co-operation and service our land for which the fathers bled would this day be in the hands of traitors, and instead of four million added freemen, as now, there would be thirty million slaves. But let me counsel you that in your return we shall have a right to anticipate from you something worthy of your recent history. No men, I venture to declare, have done their duty better. We have heard of your brave ventures and your heroic deeds.

In the army, the camp, and the field, you have honored the beautiful town from which you went, and we are proud of your soldierly record. We ask you now to be as true to yourselves, to your friends, to society, and to God, as you have been to your country in the time of her great peril. From her service, as active defenders of her flag and supporters of her authority, you are, or are soon to be, I trust, forever discharged. But there are duties here, and wherever Providence may assign you, from whose performance there is no discharge. As long as God spares your lives he would have you remember that solemn responsibilities rest upon you, and that life is a service of perpetual conflict and peril.

We welcome you to-day to this sanctuary of God, and permit me to assure you that these houses of prayer will be ever open to receive you. Let these earthly courts, with their songs, their prayers and their instructions, attract you with their mingled worship, and may that God who has brought you through great and fearful danger still be to you a Friend and a Benefactor. With the discipline and courage which you have acquired in the service of the Republic, we ask you to cooperate with us who have stayed at home, in the carrying forward of every true and good work. You have passed through an experience which cannot fail to be of eminent service to you during all the rest of your lives. You have mingled in scenes the painful and the joyful memory of which must be perpetually lasting. Bring to us the benefit of what you have passed through and witnessed. In your strength make us strong. In your fidelity to virtue, and purity, and honor, encourage our hearts and hold up our hands. We would have you colaborers with us in every worthy reform; in every christian endeavor. Let this com-

munity be confirmed in its moral purpose, in its christian resolution, in its high minded integrity, by your coming back to these homes from which you have been so long absent.

You occupy this day, my friends, high vantage ground. In whatever capacity, in the open field, on garrison duty, in sight of the foe, or more remote from scenes of immediate action, you and your brave comrades have saved the nation, and may your laurels be ever green. Henceforth, I pray you, be heroic men. Let no stain of dishonor mar the character which you have gained as Massachusetts soldiers. Be true still to the nation. Be true to virtue. Be true to every high-minded and noble sentiment. And when the reveille of death shall proclaim the long night of faithful watching past, be it yours even in the struggle with the last foe, through the grace of Him who conquered when He fell, to exult in the sure pledge of victory.

ADDRESS

OF

WELCOME TO THE RETURNED SOLDIERS

OF GROVELAND,

AT THE

RECEPTION GIVEN THEM BY THE TOWN,

July 27th, 1865,

BY

REV. MARTIN S. HOWARD.

NEW BEDFORD:
E. ANTHONY & SONS, PRINTERS.
1865.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The town of Groveland welcomes her returning soldiers. Not with formal words and empty salutations, but with the emotions of a mother greeting the beloved ones after a long and weary absence. The storm of war has passed, and the whole heaven is filled with the songs of peace. The bells are ringing out their notes of joy. The hills are catching and sending back the echoing gladness of a redeemed land. The eternal anthem of the ocean mingles in sublime chorus with the hosannas which as the voice of many waters are going up from a great multitude of hearts.

We are grateful to-day, that we have a share in this service of thanksgiving and praise. Thanks to the early patriotism, and the stubborn perseverance, and the unconquerable courage which placed our town in the fore-front in the beginning and kept her there during all the four years of the nation's conflict and toil. When the first sad yet electric call from a threatened Republic sped across the wires, there was no waiting to consider what response should be sent back, but along these valleys and among these hills, which skirt and beautify our noble stream, were seen marching up a band of heroes who never thought of calling themselves by that name till they saw that flag imperiled and the liberties of the fathers assaulted by malicious foes. In the hope of having some humble share in the safety of the nation, they left their homes with all that was peaceful and happy

there; trod the hard, rugged ways through which their arduous service led them; lay down amid the damps and dreariness of open fields; stood ready at a moment's warning to resist any attack, and never for once flinched from the hardships and the labors which are incident to a soldier's life. And when the crisis of battle came, did they falter or shrink? Did they flee before the approach of the rebel assailants? Let the names which have been inscribed on their battle flags recite the story of their heroism; their patience; their steady and unfaltering wills. Let the early struggles of the war, and farther on in the conflict, let New Orleans, and Port Hudson, and Vicksburg; let Gettysburg and Chattanooga; let Atlanta, and Savannah, and Mobile, and the small skirmishes which in earlier days than these would have been dignified with the name of battles, answer the questions whether or not there was any holding back from duty; any shrinking from the perils of the field; any cowardly turning of the back upon those who would destroy the nation and crush liberty.

Not many of us who are gathered here, in the comparison, ever saw a battle; much less ever mingled in its storm of fire and death. We have never experienced that first dread; that quick thought of home, swifter than the missile of the foe; that first solemn hush that precedes the bursting of the tempest; that first shot as it comes hot with death to many a gallant boy; that first wild exultant reply of as deadly a death. We know not, therefore, how much it means, when we say that these men who answered their country's call so readily shrunk from no duty; started back from no danger. They were men. They possessed the tender sympathies and the sacred affections of men. They had wives and mothers, sisters and children, among these green hills.

They had something precious to live for, and life to them was something to be cherished and preserved. There was those who loved *them* with all the gushing earnestness of mothers and wives, of sisters and children; and for them, scattered through the length and breadth of the rebellious territory, ascended as clouds of sacrificial incense the fervent prayers of loving and pious hearts.

The future better than the present will recite the story of what they have done; and when the Republic which they have so honorably toiled to save shall have regained her wonted prosperity; when once more her sails of commerce shall shine on every sea, and the busy whirl of her machinery shall be heard on the banks of every stream; when her prairies shall rejoice in the rich promise of ever increasing harvests; when from farthest east to farthest west, the chariots of prophecy, "seeming like torches and running like the lightning," shall thunder across the continent; and irrespective of color, or class, or clan, the rights of humanity shall be recognized, and every man in every state shall be lifted to the plane of universal and unconditional equality,—their fidelities shall be remembered and their labors cherished.

As a community we owe to the returned soldiers of our town our unbounded gratitude. They have done their share in the work of saving the nation. They have made sacrifices which can never be balanced except by the satisfaction of feeling that they have heroically discharged their duty and secured results for which down-trodden humanity will never cease to render its measure of praise and thanksgiving.

We do not forget to-day, the brave men who did not hesitate to lay down their lives for their country and for free-

dom. Slain on the field of battle like Adams Boynton, and Carr, and Granville Hardy, and Loveland, and Nelson, or sickening and dying in the same service like Berdge, Marcus and Willard and Leonard Chase; like Fegan, Foster, Foye, John Harriman, and David Sumner Hardy; like Jaques, and Kimball, and Perry, and Ricker, and Stacy, and Stickney, and Sides, and Sanborn, and Willey. They are still martyrs to the cause of their country, and died in the interest of civil government and of liberty. Their names will be precious to us henceforth. They have set the seal to their memories in the pouring out of their blood. And what can be more fit than that as a town we express our gratitude for the sacrifice even unto death of those who now lie in undistinguished graves, at Gettysburg, at Sharpsburg, and on the plains of Virginia, and our sense of the value of their heroic martyrdom, by erecting in yonder cemetery, or on some suitable spot, a simple stone which shall bear the names of those who fell, and tell in coming years in what a glorious cause they willingly died?

We hail with gratitude these war-worn soldiers in view of the blessed results which have attended their labors. We have learned to hold in respectful veneration that noble Quaker statesman of England, whose outspoken sympathies have ever been on the behalf of this land, even when British aristocracy and British wealth were most exultant in their hopes of our disruption and ruin,—John Bright walking with a few others amid the darkness of those distant realms to assure us there were yet a few wise men in the East, and that in these last days they were following in the way the star of liberty led, though it guided them across stormy seas ere they should reach the Bethlehem of their hopes.

Thirty months ago John Bright uttered the following pro-

phetic words: "I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

> 'Wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind';

but I have a far other and brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and every clime."

Thanks for what the soldiers of the American Union have done,—from the tenacious Lieutenant General of whom his wife, when asked some question respecting the downfall of Richmond, once said, "*Mr. Grant is a very set man,*" and the long list of fellow-workers holding with him places of solemn responsibility and trust, whose names have been made illustrious by their honorable deeds, to the humblest private who has shouldered his musket, and worn his feet to blisters in the long and weary march,—these words of wise foreseeing have been realized, and we stand to-day where we can see that starry flag floating in the breezes of liberty, on every fort and arsenal; on every navy yard; on every public building in the land; and not to-day as but a few years since over a single slave mart, or auction block, or southern plantation tilled by labor forced by the task-master's lash.

This four years struggle has brought not only victory to

our arms and the reputation of an unconquerable people, but it has brought a benediction richer far than these. It has borne upon its swelling wave the glad songs of emancipated millions. It has broken the chains which held a whole nation bound. It has proclaimed the sweet gospel of freedom to other lands, and the nations of the earth are welcoming with their uplifted hands and voices this proclamation of peace and good will to men. The prophetic voices in the air heard by our own poet are already facts of history:

> "Take heart! the promised hour draws near;
> I hear the downward beat of wings,
> And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear;
> Joy to the people! woe and fear
> To new world tyrants, old world kings!"

We thank you, returned soldiers of Groveland, for your honorable service. We welcome you to your homes. We offer you these oblations, not as any fitting compensation for what you have done, but only in the sense of a grateful recognition of labors which no treasures of gold and silver can reward.

In the palmy days of Greece a temple was erected to the god of the sea, and when the favoring winds brought safely home those who had ventured out on the turbulent deep, votive wreaths were hung on all the pillars and joyful offerings were made to the merciful deity that had granted the propitious voyage. So to-day would we hang up garlands to be ever fresh and green which shall remind us how kind a gracious providence has been in restoring so large a number from the vicissitudes of war and permitting us to look upon the faces and take in our hands the hands of those who come not back as they went—untried, unconscious of

their own powers; but—may we not confidently say?—truer and nobler *men* as well as more efficient and better disciplined soldiers.

It is not for us to recall the scenes through which you have passed. Imagination has no colors deep enough to paint the whole reality. Perhaps, by and by, some of you may recite passages from the thrilling story and tell us more of war than we have learned before. "Things which you saw and part of which you were." We know full well how you will stir the enthusiasm of children and children's children as you shall recall the memory of that march through Georgia—that pleasant "excursion" covering a space not less than forty miles in width; as you shall kindle in coming years at thought of New Orleans, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, and Mobile; as you shall call to mind the hair-breadth escapes, the intense sufferings, the arduous toils of the campaign.

Twenty years ago, myself and another lad two years older, were often brought together in our sports; attending the same school; wandering over the same fields; sympathizing together in our boyish perplexities and troubles. Since then our courses have diverged; I following in the soberer walks of a sacred profession, finding a quiet home on the shores of the far reaching sea, or as now on the banks of one of the loveliest of streams, in the retirement of a peaceful, country parish; he entering the lists of judicial debate; threading the intricacies of civil law; pleading for justice for those who were too ignorant and humble to plead for themselves. Inspired with patriotism in the mad outbreak upon liberty and law which imperiled the Republic, he left his law books and his office, and entered upon the service of his country. Like a true man he did his duty. At the head

of his battalion he met the foe; surged up Lookout Mountain; drove back the enemy; and only yielded when victory was his, and he a bleeding victim was borne fainting from the field. There are those before me on this joyful occasion, who will not cease to cherish with gratitude the name and heroism of Colonel—now Brigadier General Underwood,* who still lives, but who henceforth must remain a scarred and maimed veteran, made such in leading on his brave soldiers to that triumphant struggle.

The fathers of the town, some of them venerable with years, who have been faithful in the work of providing for the wives and children of absent soldiers, greet you on this glad day, and in the name of the town of Groveland, thank you for the fidelity with which you have discharged your duty.

You are welcome to-day to all our hands and hearts can bring. You are now at home. This is our thanksgiving day. This is the morning of our joy after the long night of anxiety and weeping. You have been long absent, but neither your hearts, nor ours, have grown cold. You have left some of your comrades behind you, who will never return—resting in the repose of a soldier's grave; and yet in a higher sense they are sentinels still watching about the altar fires of liberty which have been newly kindled in sections where hitherto liberty, has been but a name. Peace to their ashes. After their toil and strife they sleep well. With holy reverence it may be said: "They do rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

The brave defenders of the Republic—living and dead—

* Since this address was delivered, General Underwood has been brevetted Major-General of United States Volunteers.

shall be cherished, and in whatever capacity they served their country they shall be called benefactors.

To the festivities of this day we renewedly welcome you. May a gracious providence spare you long to enjoy the blessings of that liberty and peace for the security of which you have done so much. May neither you nor those who shall come after you ever see that bright and star-lit flag dishonored; its gorgeous folds humbled in the dust; but if another dark day for America is to hang over and cloud her proud history, and this inheritance of the fathers is again to be laid hands on by despots and traitors, may the God of our fathers and of their children raise up as noble a seed as has once and again poured out its consecrated blood, and till the latest days of earth, when all nations shall be gathered under the supremacy of the king of kings, from this land of the pilgrims, where Washington fought, and where Lincoln died, may the great soul of Liberty still go "marching on."

HYMN,

SUNG AT THE RECEPTION OF THE RETURNED SOLDIERS OF GROVELAND, JULY 27, 1865.

Tune, — "AMERICA."

On this glad festal day,
We come our thanks to pay
To God above;
In songs our hearts unite,
With joy we hail this light,
All grateful for the sight
Of those we love.

Peace, with her olive wand,
Has breathed o'er all the land
Her sweet repose;
The night of war has fled,
The darkness quickly sped;
No more in conflict dread
Clash kindred foes.

Hail to the valiant band,
Who for their native land
Confronted death;
Touch every lip with song,
Wake every heart and tongue,
Let music float along
On every breath.

Welcome to these glad hills;
To vales, and plains, and rills,
Welcome again;
Let joy fill every heart,
Let sadness now depart,
Let tears of transport start,
Let gladness reign.

Thou God who sit'st above,
Ruling with gracious love,
Thy blessing give;
Bless thou our native land,
Bless all this patriot band,
Help us henceforth to stand,
And in Thee live.

RESPONSE

TO THE

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

AT THE

RECEPTION OF THE SOLDIERS

OF GROVELAND,

July 25, 1865,

BY

HON. EDWIN B. GEORGE,

Commissary Sergeant of 4th Regiment Heavy Artillery.

NEW BEDFORD:
E. ANTHONY & SONS, PRINTERS.
1865.

RESPONSE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The duty has been assigned to me, by my fellow soldiers, of responding to the words of welcome so kindly spoken, and to the flattering demonstration of respect and honor which you have tendered us to-day. We sincerely thank you, who have spoken for the town, for every word of welcome, and every sentiment of esteem, and you the citizens, for the pains you have taken, for the time and the money expended, and for the taste displayed, in making the occasion so interesting, so beautiful, and so acceptable to us all. You have all—old men who performed military duty before most of us were born, little children from the schools whose first remembrance in after years will be of the great rebellion, and the ladies whose grace and taste have added so much to the interest and beauty of the occasion—turned out in goodly numbers to welcome us home, and do us honor. And you all have our thanks. It does much—more than you may ever know—to render bearable the hardships of a soldier's life, and enable him to endure what many are obliged to pass through, to feel that there are friends at home who care for him, who miss him, and who are waiting impatiently to welcome him back.

And now thank, God, the time waited for by some of you so wearily has come; the war is over; and the soldiers are returning home—most of them; there are a few yet to

come, and there are some whose hearts gave no exultant leap when the Richmond they had directly or indirectly fought to capture at last surrendered to the grand army of the Potomac,—who lived not to see the hour of our nation's triumph. It was fitting that they who return not should be remembered to-day; and if they, from that land where there is no war, and where they are resting, we trust, in the happy consciousness that "it is sweet to die for one's country," could speak to you, the voice, while thanking you for each tribute of respect, would add, It is sweet to be remembered. Over their fall humanity may to-day weep, but in the future, when coming generations reap the blessed fruits all ripe and golden which these men toiled to plant and watered with their blood, humanity with fame will rejoice that in such an hour of danger there were men with patriotism and heroism enough to lay down their lives, if need be, for their country, and for the good of man.

The services of the army and navy are often alluded to as a just source of pride. But it is not of these alone that we have reason to be proud. War is terrible; war is cruel; yet while evoking fierce passions it offers a wide field for the display of angelic traits. And into that field, with tireless energy, and a devotion worthy of their cause, their country, and themselves, the women of our land have entered to comfort and cheer the sick, the wounded, the dying. The Crimean war yielded as its fairest product a Florence Nightengale. But who has numbered the Florence Nightengales of this war, who left homes of comfort and luxury to become ministering angels by the bedside of death, or those others who at home have wrought to add to the comfort of suffering and needy ones far away? I have heard of none of these having her shadow upon the pillow kissed by a

grateful soldier, but I hope many a one before this has received a nearer and more touching token of grateful love.

If magnificent armies unequalled in numbers and material have been raised, magnificent benevolent institutions before unheard of in the world's history have risen to alleviate the want and misery that ever follow in the pathway of war. And so if you have reason to be proud of your army and navy, we have reason to be proud of what has been done by the men and women at home, through the Christian Commission, by means of Fairs, and Soldiers' Aid Societies, and in numberless other ways, to support, and render strong and efficient the arms of our defence.

But to-day with full hearts we will rejoice that there is no further necessity for sacrifices upon either side. And well may we rejoice and be glad, for we have witnessed the close of no ordinary contest. It swells into grand proportions, whether we consider the number of men engaged, the number of great battles fought, the desperate and protracted character of the fighting, or the importance of the issues at stake. Indeed it will be the right decision of the questions connected with this contest that will make it ever memorable. For grand as the great and obstinately fought for successes of Grant, as the brilliant campaigns and marches of Sherman, as the dashing exploits of Sheridan, as the bravery of the army and navy, are the moral triumphs that have been gained in this war. It would be a sad thought that so many lives had been sacrificed, so many wives made widows, and children written fatherless, and athletic men made cripples, *simply* that the old flag, much as we love it, much as it symbolizes, might float over every spot where it once waved, and be kissed by the sunshine and breeze as of old; for *more* than this, more than the territorial integrity of the United

States, than the supremacy of the Constitution and the Laws, more even than the emancipation of four millions of slaves, was involved in this contest. It was the question as to whether men are capable of taking care of, developing, and governing, themselves. Ay, and as the war progressed, by the spirit manifested on each side, it grew into something deeper and broader even than this. It became a contest between the accumulated civilization and Christianity of all the centuries, and the concentrated bitterness and hatred, cruelty and fiendishness of all time. For as the noblest product of all the toils and sacrifices, of all the heroisms and martyrdoms, of all the civilization and the Christianity of preceding time, was, despite their faults, that class of men who, driven from their homes in the old world for conscience' sake, laid here the foundations of the New England and the Republic of to-day; so the foulest offspring of all that is malignant in man's nature, was that class of men, who, educated at a nation's expense, supported by a nation's patronage, in violation of solemn oaths and every obligation of patriotism, duty, and religion, unsheathed their swords without one wrong to right, or grievance of which to complain, but simply to overthrow the freest and best government in the world, that amid its ruins they might rear a new nation with that *peculiar institution* for its corner stone, that permits a man to sell his own child. With such a starting point for this great historic tragedy, can you imagine any wickedness to which the actors in its scenes may not be supposed capable of sinking? And standing here at its close, when the story of a long list of malignant cruelties ends in the assassination of a beloved and honored President, can you point to one deed that does not fittingly follow in the train of such a rebellion?

We do well then to rejoice over the results of this war, for freedom, civilization, and Christianity have triumphed. And to the aristocrats and despots of the world who rejoiced at the outbreak of the rebellion, and exultantly proclaimed, "The great Republic has ceased to be," we have answered back amid the smoke and roar of battle, mid defeat as well as in the crowning hour of victory, *the great Republic is, and with God's blessing shall be.*

ROLL OF HONOR.

Names of persons belonging to the town of Groveland, who enlisted in the service of the United States during the war.*

THREE YEARS MEN.

	Co.	Reg.	
Isaac N. Adams,	A,	19	
John G. B. Adams,	A,	19.	Promoted to Captain.
Stephen L. Badger,	F,	17	
Laurentio Baily,		2d H. A.	
Joseph A. Banks,	L,	33	
Edwin Berdge,	H,	11	
Chas. Boynton,	A,	19	
Moses Brown.	L,	33	
Chas. H. Cammett,	F,	17	
William M. Carr,	G,	12	
Marcus M. Chase,	F,	38	N. Y.
Leonard J. Chase,	D,	19	Mass.
Willard M. Chase,		2	Mass.
Wallace N. Chase,	L,	33	
Amos P. Chase,	L,	33	
Alvan R. Colby,		3d H. A.	
Geo. C. Curtis,	L,	33	
William G. Eaton,	L,	33	
Leverett Fegan,		3d H. A.	
John Follansbee.			
Geo. H. Foster,	A,	19	
Wm. P. Foster,	E,	14	
Chas. A. Foster,	L,	33	
Daniel J. Foggerty.			
John C. Foye,	G,	30	
Chas. C. French.	A,	19	
William L. George,		Navy.	
Thomas Gilman,	F,	17	
George W. Gove,	L,	33	
James Griffin.			
Granville Hardy,	F,	17	
Sylvanus W. Hardy,	D,	19	
Chas. F. Hardy,	L,	33	
Warren B. Hardy,	L,	33	
Allen Hardy.		3d H. A.	
Albert L. Hardy,		3d H. A.	
Sumner G. Hardy,		3d H. A.	
David S. Hardy.			
Moses C. Hearle.			
Gilman S. Higly.			
Wm. Holmes,	A,	19	
George W. Holliston,	A,	19	
Melvin Hopkinson,		2d H. A.	
Rufus H. Hopkinson,		3d H. A.	
Lowell Hopkinson,	H,	11	
John F. Hoyt.			
Horace Jaques.			
George S. Johnson.			
Charles H. Johnson,	H,	11	
Samuel E. Jones,	A,	19	
Marcus Kimball,	A,	19	
Asa H. Kimball,	G,	12	
†Chas. H. Kimball,	L,	33‡	
†James M. Kimball,	L,	33	
Nathaniel E. Ladd,	L,	33	
afterwards promoted and enlisted in		55	

* These lists of the soldiers of Groveland, have been furnished by the chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and other aid in regard to their enlistment, and death of those who have died or have fallen in battle has been kindly furnished by Charles G. Savery, Esq.

† These men were discharged before leaving the State. Those with this mark ‡ however enlisted afterwards and were accepted.

	Co.	Reg.
Jeremiah B. P. Ladd, promoted to 2d Lieut., and transferred to		3d H. A. 4th H. A.
†Wm. H. Littlefield,	L,	33‡
Nathaniel Loveland,	A,	19
James Leucy.		
William D. Mitchel,	F,	17
Augustus F. Noyes,	H,	11
Edwin C. Noyes.		
George A. Ordway.		
Gilman N. Parker,	A,	19
Eustis G. Parker,	A,	19
Olando S. Paris,		Navy.
Eugene Parker.		
Chas. E. Peabody,	G,	12
Samuel T. Perry,		22
William S. Perry,	L,	33
Daniel S. Pike,	L,	33
Benj. F. Pike,	A,	40 N. Y.
Wm. H. Reed.		
Henry C. Rice.		
Edwin C. Ricker,	L,	33 Mass.
John P. Rundlett,	L,	33
Oliver S. Rundlett,	A,	19
George S. Sides.	F,	17
Timothy W. Spiller,	H,	11
John N. Stacy,	A,	19
Joseph C. Stacy,	L,	33
Timothy A. Stacy,	L,	33
Albert C. Stacy,	L,	33
Edwin T. Stevens,		3d H. A.
Moses M. Stickney,	L,	33
Peter Stillman,	A,	19
Frank Tone.		
A. Dana Torry,	C,	17
Chas. D. Twombly,		3d H. A.
Henry B. Webber, promoted to Captain.	F,	17. Pro-
Wellington B. Webber,		7th Batt.
George H. Wiggins.		
Henry Willey.		
George Willey,		Navy.
Luther P. Witham.		

NINE MONTHS MEN.

	Co.	Reg.
John A. Bacon,	K,	50
*William Balch,	B,	48
*Hiram T. Balch,	B,	48
Thos. W. Crombie,	B,	48
*George E. Danforth,	B,	48
*Calvin E. Farrington,	B,	48
Frank M. Foster,	B,	48
†Hiram S. Foy,	B,	48‡
John Hershal Hardy,	B,	48
John Hinkson Hardy,	B,	48
John Harriman Hardy,	B,	48
†Aaron W. Hardy,	B,	48
Mansel C. Hardy,	B,	48
Benj. L. Hardy,	B,	48
Chas. H. Mitchell,	B,	48
Geo. H. Mitchell,	B,	48
Darius H. Nelson,	B,	48
Rufus E. Parker,	K,	50
Charles S. Parker,	K,	50
Henry G. Rollins, First Lieutenant,	B,	48
Edward Richardson,	B,	48
Jeremiah B. Sanborn,	B,	48
William O. Sides,	K,	50
Thomas A. Sides,	K,	50
Oscar M. Stickney,	B,	48
James S. Walsh,	B,	48
Cyrus B. Wiggins,	K,	50

ONE YEAR MEN.

Charles T. Balch,	Fort Pickering, Salem, Mass.	
Frank Griffith,	Fort Pickering, Salem, Mass.	
Elbridge A. Richardson,	Fort Pickering, Salem, Mass.	
Charles H. Smith,	Fort Pickering, Salem, Mass.	
John E. Brown,	Mass.	4th H. A.
Charles H. Brown,	"	"
Charles Cann,	"	"
Rodolphus Danforth,	"	"
Samuel H. Downes,	"	"
Edwin B. George,	"	"
Charles S. Hardy,	"	"
Paul Hopkinson,	Mass.	4th H. A.
Leverett Hopkinson,	"	"
Wm. H. Hopkinson,	"	"
Francis A. Hull,	"	"
Hiram G. Knox,	"	"
Henry N. Page,	"	"
Aaron B. Parker,	"	"
Nathan Sargent,	"	"
Warren Sargent,	"	"
Edward Savery,	"	"
Austin G. Smith,	"	"
Chas. B. Somes,	"	"
James L. Wales, Jr.,	"	"
Justin R. Wood,	"	"

* Afterwards enlisted in one year men, some in the 4th Mass. H. A., others at Fort Pickering, Salem Harbor.

† ‡ See note at foot of preceding page.

SOLDIERS KILLED AND DIED OF DISEASE.

Isaac N. Adams, Co. A, 19th Reg. Wounded and killed at battle of Antietam, Sept. 1862.

Edwin F. Berdge, Co. H, 11th Reg. Died of disease at Bottom Bridge, July 6th, 1862.

Charles Boynton, Co. A, 19th Reg. Killed on the retreat from Richmond, June 30th, 1862.

Leonard J. Chase, Co. D, 19th Reg. Returned home sick and died.

Marcus M. Chase, Co. F, 38th N. Y. Reg.

William M. Carr, Co. G, 12th Mass. Reg. Killed at battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.

John C. Foye, Co. G, 30th Reg. Died of fever at New Orleans.

Granville Hardy, Co. F, 17th Reg. Killed at Goldsborough, N. C.

Asa H. Kimball, Co. G, 12th Reg. Died in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

Nathaniel Loveland, 19th Reg. Died from wounds at Fair Oaks.

John N. Stacy, Co. A, 19th Reg. Died at Aquia Creek.

Willard M. Chase, 2d Mass. Reg. Returned home sick and died.

George Willey, Navy. Died on board gunboat "Mound City."

William S. Perry, Co. L, 33d Reg. Died at Alexandria.

Edwin C. Ricker, Co. L, 33d Reg. Died of fever at Washington.

Moses W. Stickney, Co. L, 33d Reg. Died in hospital at Philadelphia.

Frank M. Foster, Co. B, 50th Reg. Died at Baton Rogue, La.

John Harriman Hardy, Co. B., 48th Reg. Died of fever at New Orleans, La.

Darius W. Nelson, Co. B, 48th Reg. Killed before Port Hudson, La.

Jeremiah B. Sanborn, Co. B, 48th Reg. Died of fever in Louisiana.

William O. Sides, Co. K, 50th Reg. Died at New Orleans.

John Fegan. Died in rebel prison.

David S. Hardy. Died in rebel prison.

Horace Jaques. Missing. Supposed to have been taken prisoner and died.

THE RECEPTION.

PREPARED BY CHARLES D. PAGE.

At a town meeting held in Groveland June 9th, 1865, it was voted to give to the returned soldiers of the town a public reception, and a committee consisting of seven was chosen to carry this vote into effect. This committee fixed upon Thursday, July 27th, as a suitable day, and for several days previous the citizens were busy in preparation for the happy occasion. A bright and beautiful day dawned auspiciously and all nature seemed anxious to contribute to the joyful festivities.

At half past nine o'clock the "Bradford Light Infantry," Capt. Rollins,—formed 1823; re-organized for the occasion, bearing a banner with the motto "We still live," 1865; on the reverse, B. L. I. 1823,—marched from their rendezvous to the common near the Congregational Church, and, after receiving the returned soldiers, escorted them to the common in front of the Independent Church, where the procession was formed under Elijah Clarke, Chief Marshal, in the following order:

Aid,	Chief Marshal.	Aid,
C. Wordwell.		H. A. Spofford.

Bradford Light Infantry.

A Barouche containing the President of the day; Chairman of the Board of Selectmen; Orator and Guests.

The returned soldiers in two companies, commanded by Lieutenant J. B. P. Ladd and Lieutenant James Walsh—Captain J. G. B. Adams acting as Major.

The Soldiers' Aid Society in a carriage drawn by four horses, displaying in the shape of *good wool socks* tangible evidence of the motto they bore: "You have drawn the sword for us; we have kept the needles bright for you."

Lady visitors of Perry Division of Sons of Temperance, in a barge, dressed in white with scarlet capes and blue caps. Their motto: We hate and denounce that which makes woman weep.

Primary Schools, in trimmed wagons. Allegorical representations as follows: Treason followed by Desolation; Justice; Peace succeeded by Plenty; Flora; Education; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Grammar Schools, with appropriate banners.

Citizens in carriages and on foot.

The procession moved up Gardner street to Main; down Main to the lower common. Here a temporary monument had been erected bearing the names of those who have fallen or died while in the service. Upon the one side of the shaft, in a green bower bearing the motto, "Humanity weeps," stood a female figure draped in black; and on the other side, in a similar bower with the motto, "Fame rejoices," another female figure, in white, crowned with laurels, has just finished the record of names upon her book of gold.

The veterans and returned soldiers formed in line, and while resting on reversed arms, the band played a dirge; after which, resuming the line of march, passing through the the principal streets, the procession entered the Congregational Church, where the following exercises took place:

Voluntary by Gilmore's Band.

Nathaniel Ladd, Esq., President of the day, and Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, in a few well chosen and appropriate words, in behalf of the town welcomed the soldiers "to all the religious and civil privileges of home," and then announced the order of exercises:

Singing by the Choir.
Prayer by Rev. D. Foster, of West Newbury.
Singing.
Address of Welcome.
Singing original Hymn.
Benediction.

The procession then re-formed, and marched to Balch's Grove where a bountiful collation had been prepared. Conspicuous upon the soldiers' table was a loaf of cake weighing about sixty pounds, representing a fort, surmounted by cannon, the stars and stripes waving from the highest point. At the close of the dinner the loaf was divided among the soldiers.

The company then gathered about the speakers' stand, and Hon. Edwin B. George, of the 4th Regiment, spoke on behalf of the returned soldiers, and the remaining time was occupied in speaking, singing, and music by the band until five o'clock, when the assembly broke up, and thus closed a long to be remembered day, nothing having occurred to mar its success.

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